

BF

1272

.S6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. . . . Copyright No. . . .

Shelf

BF1272
.S6

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Common Sense Rhymes

FOR

OLD THEOLOGY INVERTED,

AND

Amulian

BY ABNER SISSON.

Adair, Iowa

1879

BF1272
.S6

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1879, by
ABNER SISSON, *an*

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Introduction.

The author of this work, sometimes
Devotes an hour to making rhymes,
But don't suppose his humble name
Will ever have a Poet's fame.

Big words, hard to be understood,
He would not utter if he could ;
Nevertheless, the author aims
To call things by their proper names.

Perhaps those Rhymes (with all his toil)
Don't run "as slick and smooth as oil,"
But if they seem quite out of joint,
The aim has been to give them point.

To all, he would be just and true,
E'en to the Devil, give his due ;
The Truth accept, wherever found,
On Christian, or on Heathen ground.

Old errors, although sacred grown,
He don't propose to "let alone,"
But hopes to aid some rays of light
To penetrate the gloom of night.

Creation.

In starting out at making rhymes, I feel an inclination
 To stop, and say a word or two concerning Man's creation.
 When God the earth from naught had made, he like a skillful
 potter,
 Fashioned an image, called it Man, composed of earth and water.
 Then through the nostrils of this man, the breath of life
 imparted,
 And man became a living soul, and on his journey started.
 And when he slept, God took a rib, and made for him a madam,
 And introduced her to her mate, as clotheless as was Adam.
 Then in a garden they were placed, of fruitful trees and flowers,
 To eat, and romp, and take their ease, among those shady
 bowers.
 God told them they must not touch one tree which was a beauty,
 For if they did, to seal their doom would then become his duty.
 However, it is claimed, they soon were guilty of transgression,
 And for their disobedience, were driven from their possession.
 From where they spent their happy hours, in leisure and
 composure,
 They now were driven by God himself, outside of the enclosure.
 He sentenced them to earn their bread by toiling hard and
 sweating,
 (But many now evade the curse, and get their bread by betting.
 While you, and I, must toil like bees engaged in making honey,
 John Smith and Jones can live at ease, because they've lots of
 money,
 Thus *gold* can neutralize the curse, for those who have the
 treasure,
 Providing them a way to get their bread and take their leisure.)
 He changed their lives from love to hate, sat Mother Eve to
 bawling,
 Because she now was doomed to hear eternal rounds of squalling.
 Instead of gushing o'er with love, it made her feel like cursing,
 To think her days must now be spent in slopping pigs and
 nursing.

Alas! that she should be deprived at once of all her riches,
And doomed to combing lousy heads and mending Adam's
breeches.

Until their bodies turned to dust, sweet rest should greet them
never,

And then endure, (if creeds are true,) the pains of hell forever.
Before they ate forbidden fruit they knew not good from evil,
Then God, because they disobeyed, transferred them to the
Devil.

For what the Lord commanded them they did not care a copper,
They knew not that to disobey would be at all improper.
If good from bad they did not know, why should he curse and
scold them,

For doing just the opposite of what he just had told them.
Would any one pronounce it just, to damn them to perdition,
When he created them in such an incomplete condition.
Can we suppose a God of love would ever make a being,
Then damn it for not walking straight, when without eyes for
seeing.

Had he been just he would at least have shown a father's feeling
And given them a second chance, if he had loved fair dealing.
Could they have seen with open eyes the wrong in disobeying,
Just punishment would have been right, for thus his trust
betraying.

But why they should receive a curse, when not in a condition,
To tell a good or evil act, confounds all supposition.
A God who thus would curse his works, would be below the
level,

Of any creature that exists, Man, Woman, Child or Devil.
However, one redeeming trait is finally presented,
For when he saw what he had done, he bitterly repented.
He found that things had not come out at all as he expected,
Which grieved him sorely to the heart, and made him feel
dejected.

If Genesis reveals the truth, naught can prevent our seeing,
That he could not foresee results when he made human beings.
We cannot worship such a God, though praised by priests
annointed,

We want a God who sees ahead, and don't get disappointed
 Whatever rules beyond the ken of human observation,
 To it in reverence we bow in silent adoration;
 It speaks in every form of life, through nature's wide dominion,
 And never yet has changed its course for prayers or man's
 opinion.

The Bible, God and Devil in Partnership,

Long ages before God said "let there be light,"
 He and Satan, his eldest, got into a fight,
 When the Infinite God by a fortunate blow,
 Hurl'd Lucifer down to the regions below.

In chaos he wandered from corner to nook,
 And soon commenced business upon his own hook,
 As he happened around when this world was begun,
 In the background he loitered, and saw it all done.

When through, God was tired, like a man who had threshed,
 But he rested a day and felt greatly "refreshed,"
 And looking around o'er his works as they stood,
 He said he considered it all "very good."

So at six the next morning he started for heaven,
 And Satan came round just precisely at seven,
 And ere the bright orb upon noonday had shone,
 He gobbled the job and ascended the throne.

When God came again in "the cool of the day,"
 His plans were all spoiled and the Devil to pay,
 So into a violent passion he burst,
 And all he had made he vehemently cursed.

Keep cool, muttered Satan, and grieve not so keen,
 Let us go in together and run the machine,
 "The seed of the woman" your scheme will fulfill,
 If I find a Judas his body to kill.

Said he it is true I have spoiled your design,
 The children which you have created are mine,
 As the conquest is made and my work is well done,
 I will help you get back an occasional one.

So they counseled together as man talks with man,
 And entered into a copartnership plan,
 As Satan already was boss of the day.
 He had things arranged just about his own way

Thus the firm was established, the writings all made,
 Satan rolled out his brimstone to stock up the trade,
 While God put in Jealousy, Anger and Love,
 And they opened their shop in the high courts above.

With Satan to scare and the Lord to invite,
 God gets by that plan an occasional bite,
 But the scheme at the best does not work very well,
 And his friends would be few if it was not for hell.

In Samuel second, we plainly are told,
 How God ordered David to number the fold,
 While Chronicles gives it to us as a fact,
 That it was the Devil who prompted the act.

When God's own elect are unable to tell,
 Whether orders are issued from Heaven or Hell,
 At what other conclusions can mortals arrive,
 Than that one holds the plow and the other one drives.

Sometimes a poor victim was put to the test,
 To determine which one of the twain he loved best,
 As when they walked out, "to and fro," o'er the globe,
 And put up a job on poor filthy old Job.

As old Mrs. Job knew them both very well,
 Which done the most mischief she hardly could tell,
 So she justly got mad and her temper ran high,
 When she tried to get Job to curse God and die.

To be worshipped at last became Satan's desire,
 So he placed God astride of the Temple's tall spire,
 And showed him the whole of this globular ball,
 Saying worship me now, and you may have it all.

Like magic he bore him from mountain to dome,
 For forty long days without food or a home,
 And when he plead hard for some crackers and cheese,
 The Devil still urged him to fall on his knees.

The Orthodox God is a myth and a bore,
 Got up by a people of carnage and gore,
 And the Orthodox Devil no more roams about.
 He, too, is a myth, and is nearly played out.

Day of Judgment.

One night as I lay fast asleep in my bed,
 A vision of future things ran through my head,
 I had a grand view of that Orthodox day,
 When heaven and earth are to vanish away,

The things of the Judgment to me were then shown,
 "I saw the Lord God sitting high on his throne;"
 While his angels outnumbered the sands of the sea,
 And all seemed as busy as busy could be.

Gabriel sounded his trumpet and jingled his bell,
 Of such a wild tumult I never heard tell,
 The graves were all open, the dead did arise,
 All intent upon meeting the Lord in the skies.

A head came from Guinea, a leg from the Pole,
 All parts came together to claim the old soul,
 Some parts of the bodies came forth from the trees,
 And some from the fishes which swam in the seas.

In order to make one poor fellow a man,
 It took all the sardines contained in a can,
 A portion was drawn from the shell of a snail,
 The balance was found in a poodle dog's tail.

As those who lived first, claimed by right their old dust,
 And declared they would either obtain it or "bust,"
 The last generation came out very slim,
 As many were forced to surrender a limb.

Some minus an eye, others shorn of a jaw,
 (No time to be spent by appealing to law,)
 Were forced to ascend with the parts they retained,
 And appear at the bar, with whatever remained..

The Devil was busy repairing his works,
 Assisted by hundreds and thousands of clerks.
 As his children were now to abandon the tomb,
 He wished to provide them with suitable room

His gates were thrown open that mortals might see,
 The ocean of brimstone where soon they would be,
 While the Judge of Creation decided the case,
 That Hell was the home of nine-tenths of the race.

With skulls the dark floors of Perdition were paved,
 Of reprobate infants, whom *nothing* could save,
 For the Potter has power from the clay of one lump,
 To make *nameless* vessels and sugar bowls jump.*

I saw Thomas Jefferson, Lincoln and Paine,
 As round them the Devil did rivet his chain.
 And with murderer's vile, God assigned them their part,
 Because they had never obtained "a new heart."

When the wicked were doomed, and results were made known,
 Those who were elected took seats near the throne,
 Shouting here we are paid for our service, O King!
Do line us a hymn, and allow us to sing.

Well pleased with such honors, the Judge sat erect,
 In the midst of the dear little band of elect,
 As he said, " Brother Calvin, you built on the rock,"
 Start the first tune in glory, " Fear not little flock."

Parents sang and shouted, and felt *very* well,
 While knowing their children were roasting in hell,
 And children whose parents in brimstone did fry,
 Sang *Blessed be God!* it is them and not I.

The saved were so selfish, I scarcely could tell,
 Which place I preferred, whether Heaven or Hell,
 When a shudder came o'er me, my slumber it broke,
 And happy was I when at last I awoke.

Romans IX C. 21st V.

Cain and Abel.

As Eve and Adam did not die,
 As was at first expected,
 They soon began to multiply,
 As they had been directed.

We read that " Adam knew his wife!"
 How could he know another?
 And little Cain, chock full of life,
 Soon bellowed for his mother

Soon unto them another one
 Was born---they called him Abel,
 Fond parents, with two lovely sons,
 As ever graced a table.

And when those boys grew up to men,
 They both struck out together,
 And batched it in a lovely glen,
 Through fair and stormy weather.

But fortune frowned on luckless Cain,
 Who toiled the soil with vigor;
 And labored hard for honest gain
 As near as he could "figure."

But Abel was a "bully boy;"
 He raised both sheep and cattle,
 It always was his greatest joy,
 To make a dreadful rattle.

For breakfast Cain had Johnny-cake,
 And Abel loved sheep's liver,
 And each one felt impelled to make
 An offering to the Giver.

When Abel offered up a kid,
 God smelled a precious savor,
 And everything that Abel did,
 He looked upon with favor.

Cain built his altar broad and high,
 On which he placed potatoes,
 With cabbage, and beans, and rye,
 And onions and tomatoes.

He soon looked downcast and oppressed,
 Things proved as he expected,
 His brother's offerings were blest,
 And his with scorn rejected.

Said Cain, "is not my grain of use,
 Are not my squashes needed?
 Why doth he thus my gift abuse,
 And let me go unheeded?"

Abel no doubt was proud and vain,
 Because he was thus petted,
 And tantalized his brother Cain,
 Who now was sorely fretted.

Cain's countenance grew dark and low,
 His mind he did unburden,
 And with a well-directed blow,
 Sent Abel over Jordan!

"A vagabond and fugitive,"
 He now was forced to wander,
 And doomed a wretched life to live,
 For making such a blunder.

But soon he got away from God,
 Who "marked" him out of pity,
 And stole off to the "Land of Nod,"
 And built a thriving city.

And found a wife! O! strange to tell,
 Did this surviving brother,
 No woman on this earth did dwell,
 Except his own old mother.

Both sons and daughters he begat,
 According to the story,
 And finally grew old and fat,
 And waddled off to glory.

The Biblical Fish.

It seems that the people of Ninevah stood,
 In danger, because they were not very good,
 And Jonah was told to go down there and spout,
 For the purpose of making those people devout,

But Jonah arose and attempted to flee,
 To the city of Tarshish, which stood by the sea;
 As he seemed to suspect he would get no reward,
 He thought he would hide from the "face of the Lord."

So he purchased a ticket and went upon board,
 Soon the winds commenced howling, the hurricane roared;
 And the sinners declared that they very well knew,
 That there must be a sinner somewhere in the crew.

So they called on their gods to the top of their voice,
 Each mariner called on the god of his choice,
 For the storm raged with fury, and came up so quick,
 That they feared every soul would take tea with "Old Nick."

Who caused such a tumult they scarcely could tell,
 But when they cast lots, upon Jonah it fell
 But Jonah lay snoring below like a pig,
 And for all that was passing he cared not a fig.

Down for him they went, in the sides of the ship,
 "What now?" muttered Jonah, "what now is the rip?"
 "Up, and call on your *God*," cried the salty old tars,
 To allay this commotion, and save our cigars.

"Throw me overboard, then," muttered Jonah aloud,
 "I don't feel at home in this heathenish crowd,
 And as I am a preacher, and somewhat renowned,
 There is but little danger of my being drowned.

As they were requested, they granted his wish,
 As there swam by the ship a great *Biblical Fish*,
 Which swallowed the man who was thrown in the sea,
 When he from the Lord was attempting to flee.

He proved to be such a tough sort of a pill,
 That he riled the whale's stomach and made him feel ill,
 And when he commenced to roll over and kick,
 The whale was convinced he had swallowed a "brick."

He was so uncivil, the fish could not rest,
 He could not throw him up, neither would he digest,
 But he spouted the water high up in the air,
 When Jonah recited his "family prayer."

As to see his surroundings he now had a wish,
 From stomach to stern he illumined the fish,
 When he drew out his bible, and read many tales,
 Of Sampson, and foxes, and manna, and quails.

Thus he passed away time till he came to the shore,
 No man ever took such a free ride before,
 He sang Solomon's songs, and in all sorts of ways,
 Insulted the fish for three nights and three days.

At last he concluded the fish had no rights,
 He cared not a cent for the poor Ninevites,
 So he smoked a cigar, and the fumes of his breath,
 Made the whale throw him up, with the sickness of death.

Some folks are so sinful as well as absurd,
 They declare such a fishy thing never occurred.
 While some have such faith in the marvelous tale,
 That they almost believe Jonah swallowed the whale.

Noah and the Ark.

Noah was the old aristocrat,
 Who walked with God and had a chat,
 And heard about the awful wreck,
 In time to save his pious neck.

The world had now become so bad,
 That God became outrageous mad,
 And by a flood he did design,
 To clean this planet, "hook and line."

But Noah found favor in his sight,
 And told him it would not be right,
 As he had long before agreed,
 To bruise the snake by "woman's seed,"

So Noah was spared with wives and sons,
 Just eight in all, God's chosen ones,
 To start anew after the rain,
 And populate the earth again.

God told him how to build an ark,
 Pitched out and in, air tight and dark,
 All whole from roof to bottom floor,
 Except one window and a door.

Through that one door all things must go,
 Into this mammoth floating show,
 Bird, reptile, beast, and little louse,
 Together went into the house.

When last of all went in old Noah,
 God shut him in and locked the door,
 On that huge mass of flesh and blood,
 "Snug as a duck's foot in the mud."

How they could live and all feel well,
 None but God's "chosen seed" can tell,
 For air they must have been distressed,
 And "hotter than a nigger's nest."

With vermin crawling o'er each back,
 They must have been a lousy pack,
 And filthy to the last degree,
 As they went "sailing o'er the sea."

The awful stench that would arise,
 From such a crew none can surmise,
 A search through earth, and heaven, and hell,
 Would not afford a parallel.

In course of time, all sleek and fat,
 They struck the Mounts of Ararat,
 Whose snowy peaks and air were prime,
 For tourists from a sunny clime.

When landed Noah began to bleed,
 And offer up the choicest seed,
 And thus deprived the earth of such
 Beasts as are needed very much,

While yet in reverence he bowed,
 The sun peeped through a broken cloud,
 And shone on raindrops in the air,
 Produced a rainbow bright and fair.

So pleased was he it took his breath,
 And tickled him almost to death,
 When thus assured that on earth's plains,
 There would be no more *heavy* rains.

Now, Nature's laws have got the sway,
 Rainbows are seen day after day,
 If not before the deluge came,
 Then nature's laws were not the same.

We next behold this old divine,
 Stretched out and beastly drunk on wine,
 Presenting an unhallowed sight,
 The bedding kicked from left to right.

For breakfast they ate frogs and lamb,
 And Japheth's wife said unto Ham,
 Go call your father to his plate,
 What makes him lie in bed so late?

Thus, Ham beheld the awful plight,
 In which his daddy spent the night,
 And for this accidental deed,
 Canaan was cursed, and all his seed.

Now all the wicked were destroyed,
 By whom the Lord had been annoyed,
 And Noah grew deaf and dim of sight,
 And bid this wicked world good night.

"Give the Devil his Due."

The Devil has always been sorely abused.
Of all of earth's evils he has been accused,
And search where you may you can find but a few,
Who are willing to give to the devil his due.

Most people have always supposed it was right,
To slander the devil, and treat him with spite,
To such the idea is entirely new,
Of honestly giving the devil his due.

Though preachers and bigots who think they are wise,
Insultingly call him the father of lies,
Yet they fail in the proof that their statements are true,
And gladly would swindle him out of his due.

Therefore I suggest that we travel more slow,
And give the old gent a fair kind of a show,
Resolved in the start to keep justice in view,
And give to the devil whatever is due.

He taught our first parents to open their eyes,
He told Mother Eve how she might become wise,
And as every assertion on record proved true,
Be honest, and give to the devil his due.

Although God was angry, and made a big scold,
When things came to pass just as Satan foretold,
Yet light by his counsels was brought into view,
Then be honest, and give to the devil his due.

They died not that day, as the Lord had foretold,
But "passed in their checks" when their children were old,
Thus all of the sayings of Satan proved true,
Then be honest, and give to the devil his due.

As knowledge is all which can make you and I,
 Ahead of the rooter which grunts in the sty,
 As the way we obtained it is open to view,
 Then be honest, and give to the devil his due

He invented the telescope, put it in shape,
 Which got old Gallileo into a scrape,
 And his eyes were put out by a bigoted crew,
 The *Church done the deed*, give the devil his due.

"I.o, man was made upright," as well as devout,
 But many "inventions" the creature sought out,
 But the Church blames the Devil for all that is new,
 Then afterward credit *themselves* with his due

Though he speckled old Job when he got on a spree,
 Yet God was as deep in the mire as was he,
 'Twas a villianous job, conjured up the two,
 And only *one half* to the devil was due.

True in this one instance, he done very wrong,
 But God took the lead and helped matters along,
 Then excuse the old fellow, his faults are but few,
 If you reckon them fairly, then give him his due.

Evangelical Milk.

The priest-ridden world for themselves dare not think,
 But swallow whatever priests give them to drink,
 So they give them a mixture, for all their complaints,
 Which I call *Evangelical Milk for the Saints*.

However disgusting the potion may be,
 They drink without tasting, and call it good tea,
 Jonah's whale they could swallow, when hungry and faint,
 Dished with pure Evangelical Milk for the Saints.

There is nothing but what it will pass through the throats,
Of those who admire Evangelical coats,
And they claim that all diet and drink has a taint,
Except their Evangelical Milk for the Saints.

Although it is old, and offensive, and sour,
To stomachs not wholly enslaved by its power,
Yet it claims to cure all with but little restraint,
Blessed drink ! Evangelical Milk for the Saints.

The fees of the clergy, of course must be high,
Else the Evangelical tit would go dry,
But well fed upon dainties your heaven he paints,
And gives sweet Evangelical Milk to the Saints.

He proves to your mind that his views are correct,
About Jacob's cattle, ring, streaked, and speckled,
But all *new revelations* he battles against,
How he r-o-l-l-s Evangelical Milk for the Saints.

Its lovers are blinded to such a degree,
They suppose themselves holy as holy can be,
And with anything new you cannot them acquaint,
They want more Evangelical Milk far the Saints.

Evangelical Milk is a fraud on mankind,
Some, who give, are knaves, all who use it are blind,
And let priests do their thinking, and they by constraint,
Swallow down Evangelical Milk for the Saint.

Celestial Arithmetic,

It seems when God created man,
He failed to carry out his plan,
As he "repented" at the start,
And grief and sorrow filled his "heart,"
Resulting in the strange decree,
That three makes one, and one makes three.

He had to leave his home on high,
Far, far beyond the boundless sky,
Begot a son whose age is shown,
To be as ancient as his own,
The second person as we see,
Where three makes one, and one makes three.

Then there's the "Holy Ghost" beside,
The "father-in-law of the bride,"
All three combined in one so grand,
No human mind can understand,
Yet we are told, that all can see,
That three makes one and one makes three.

Such foolish things to us are told,
Believed by many, young and old,
Who think that faith in such a plan,
The only hope for fallen man,
And rack their brains, and think they see,
That three makes one, and one makes three.

We find a person now and then,
Who by the use of voice and pen,
Assails old superstitions nook,
And dares "behind the veil" to look,
Who cannot with the Church agree,
That three makes one, and one makes three.

But some for fear of being damned,
 Allow themselves to be well crammed
 With such vile trash, their souls to save,
 As makes their God a fool and knave,
 And as they bow and bend the knee,
 Shout, three makes one and one makes three.

Some think that all mankind have fell,
 And doomed to go to endless hell,
 And in the seas of brimstone fry,
 Till hell shall boil her oceans dry,
 Unless they can with them agree,
 That three makes one, and one makes three.

And those who don't believe the "yarn,"
 Both priest and flock will scorn and spurn,
 Because they cannot see the point,
 That everything is out of joint,
 And listen to their silly plea,
 That three makes one, and one makes three.

No argument can make them wise,
 Like Owls, the light bedims their eyes,
 Refuse the grain, eat chaff and straw,
 And claim that "nigger luck" beats law;
 They take no science in their tea,
 When three makes one, and one makes three,

With faith pinned on to some old hem,
 It matters not so much to them,
 Whether their lives are pure and just,
 Or steeped in selfishness and lust,
 "The wrath to come," they think to flee,
 On three makes one, and one makes three.

The murderer in yonder cell,
 Who sent his brother man to hell,
 Is visited by Elder Crow,

His soul soon turns as white as snow,
 And from the gallows he swings free,
 On three makes one, and one makes three,

His victim always helped the poor,
 The needy gathered round his door,
 But he, alas! is doomed to dwell,
 Amidst the sulphurous flames of hell,
 Because on earth he could not see,
 How three made one, and one made three.

Some want a Priest to think for them,
 And picture out their diadem,
 When told if they but "toe the line,"
 With Solcmon they'll "sing and shine,"
 They stretch their throats and shout with glee,
 Saved! three makes one, and one makes three

Convinced that one and three are right,
 They feel they are the saints of light,
 And hope to shed their puny trails,
 And change from tadpoles into whales
 And claim in heaven a high degree
 Because they thought that one made three.

Father Abraham.

Old Abram and Sarah were both pretty "tough,"
 But they finally proved to be very good stuff,
 And they had the good luck their biographies show,
 To have God direct them the way they should go.

A wandering pilgrim was Abram through life,
 Who wandered with Sarah, his darling old wife,
 And when upward of sixty, her tresses and rings,
 And movements so graceful, enamored earth's kings.

He never felt safe to pass through a strange place,
 Because of the beauty of Sarah's sweet face,
 And he often deceived when he feared for his life,
 And called her his sister instead of his wife.

King Pharaoh, not knowing how Abram had lied,
 Sent servants for Sarah to make her his bride,
 For he thought that her beauty the world did eclipse,
 And he longed to plant kisses upon those sweet lips.

He called her his "honey" and "darling" a spell,
 And things in the palace went off very well,
 But God would not suffer such deeds to prevail;
 Then things went like "pulling a cat by the tail."

So he sent her to Abram, who tarried in sight,
 And told him her snoring disturbed him at night,
 And to leave his dominions with little delay,
 And quit lying to kings in that kind of a way.

However, his words were of little avail,
 For soon they were telling again the same tale,
 Next the old king of Gerar was caught in the trap,
 And cost him a pile to get out of the "snap."

As Sarah could not do her work very well,
 A servant named Hagar with them used to dwell,
 And in process of time she was blest with a babe,
 With many strange features like "honest old Abe."

So finally Sarah kicked up a big muss,
 "Got up on her ear" about the "little c---s,"
 And called upon Abram to drive them away,
 So off they were started with little delay,

Thus he sent her from home, with no roof for her head,
 With a bottle of water and chunk of cold bread,
 Thus *his* child and poor Hagar from bondage were freed,
 And Abram was blessed for the merciless deed.

When in Mamre he dwelt, and his locks become gray,
 The Lord in the form of three men came that way,
 For whom Sarah prepared a big kettle of meal,
 With butter and milk, and a carcass of veal.

And thus was the stomach of Deity crammed,
 (Believe it poor sinners or you will be damned,)
 No doubt God had come a long wearisome way,
 And perhaps had not "smelled a sweet savor" that day.

Such comfort and joy this good couple did feel,
 When hearing the news that the Lord did reveal,
 Sarah did in the face of Omnipotence laugh,
 Notwithstanding his stomach contained so much *calf*.

He told her at ninety he'd meet her again,
 That nothing on earth was created in vain,
 And that after a while she would bring forth a son,
 That her pleasure on earth had yet scarcely begun.

All things came to pass as the Lord had foretold,
 Lo! Isaac was born! and when *thirty years old*,*
 His father was told that this son he must take,
 And unto the Lord a burnt offering make.

Perhaps little Isaac, like most of his race,
 Wore mustache and whiskers all over his face,
 As the ancients grew large, no one has any grounds,
 To affirm that he weighed less than two hundred pounds.

This was Abraham's darling, the *dear little boy*,
 He took to the "mountains" his life to destroy,
 No doubt he loved papa, and tried to "be good,"
 As he trotted along with his bundle of wood.

To bind him his Pa would find something to do;
 For Ike was the strongest perhaps of the two,
 And would kick when beholding the knife and the smoke,
 Knowing "Honest Old Abe" was preparing a "joke."

We pass without comment the "Thicket and Ram,"
 A few more events, and we yield him the palm,
 But in Abram's obedience the Lord did delight,
 For he now knew he feared him by day and by night.

When Sarah played out and ascended to Heaven,
 Abram was one hundred and thirty and seven,
 Then he wed Miss Katurah, they loved at first sight,
 And she raised him six sons, without scolding a mite.

I imagine at last he grew weary of life,
 And said "O, Katurah! Katurah! my wife!"
 I must leave you a mourner in sorrow and pain,
 Unless you have luck and get married again.

**Henry's Commentary* thinks Isaac's age at that time between 25 and 35 years

Reason Unreliable.

They tell us our Reason was spoiled by the "fall,"
 That it cannot help fallen creatures at all,
 But in order to get at the truth we must look,
 For holy ideas in the old ancient book

We are told upon Reason we must not depend,
 That our natural thoughts to depravity tend,
 But receive sacred legends with mouths open wide,
 Bidding Judgment, and Reason, and Sense, stand aside.

That *our* sense is defective, we cannot rely
 Upon what we hear, or behold with the eye,
 But the tales of the past, to believe soon as told,
 Of what somebody saw, though two thousand years old.

Our eyes we must close, the whole dose we must take,
 Believing the devil of old was a snake,
 And was doomed, for deceiving old Adam and wife,
 On his belly to crawl all the days of his life.

But of dust he got tired, and went back on his "meat,"
Then his legs grew out long, and he raised on his feet,
 And walked to and fro, o'er the face of the globe,
 When God put him up to be-devil old Job.

We are told to believe all we read of this class,
 How Baalam was taught by the mouth of an ass;
 Of the story of ram's horns, and Jericho's fall,
 And the sun's standing still, we must swallow it all.

That Cain found a wife after killing his brother,
 When there was no woman, excepting his mother,
 And that he was both enterprising and "gritty,"
 To build for himself and his wife such a city.

Think of Sampson, for whom it was nothing but play,
 To capture three hundred wild foxes per day;
 And *not a good day* to catch foxes at that,
 Set their tails all a-blazing, and told them to "scat."

And then we have Jonah, who got up a gale,
 And was overboard thrown, and jumped into a whale,
 Where he rode for three days, to his hearts full content,
 And jumped out again, without costing a cent.

Of David we read, the man of Gcd's heart,
 Who murdered Uriah, by his devilish art,
 Yes, murdered the man, after stealing his wife,
 That he might enjoy an adulterer's life,

The Lord gave to Solomon wisdom and gold,
 And wives by the thousand, he had we are told,
 Although Christendom blesses the day of his birth,
 Such a harem as his don't exist upon earth.

We hate Brigham Young, and pronounce him a beast,
 But he's pure, when compared with this king of the east,
 O ! Consistency ! thou art a jewel we prize,
 To scorn Brigham Young, and call Solomon wise.

Among the inspired, some have given their word,
 That no one has gazed on the face of the Lord,
 While others assert, without being unnerved,
 That his face they had seen, and their lives were "preserved."

At last, we arrive at the final decree,
 Where three makes but one, and where one will make three,
 And by swallowing all, we in safety may rest,
 And tantalize Satan, while doing his best.

Garden of Eden.

Old Sambo to his hearers said,
 "The God who dwells on high,
Set man he made of mud so red,
 Against the fence to dry."

Who built the fence he never told,
 Before God gave man life ;
'Tis strange, as how one Cain of old,
 Contrived to find a wife.

But Genesis reveals the fact,
 That man was made of ground,
And God by a dissecting act,
 A helpmeet for him found.

In his own image made he them,
 And then pronounced them good ;
With flowers and fruits on many a stem,
 In Eden's bowers they stood.

The Devil soon came strolling round,
 To see what God had done,
And there a naked pair he found,
 Who neither dodged nor run.

"Good morning, lovely pair," said he,
 "Sure God has closed your eyes,
But if you eat from yonder tree,
 He knows you will be wise."

Said she, "that tree we dare not shake,
 We dare not God defy,
For he has said if we partake,
 That day we both shall die,"

The Devil said, "ye shall not die,
 The fruit will do you good;"
 Old Mother Eve rolled up one eye,
 And said 'twas nice for food.

She gave to Adam from that tree,
 Twelve pippins large and red,
 And she contained some twenty three,
 When they lit out for bed !

Greatly refreshed, at dawn they rose,
 To walk among the trees ;
 Said Eve, "I think we need some clothes,
 To shield us from the breeze."

Said Adam, "something must be done,
 Pray let us not delay;"
 So out of fig leaves each begun,
 To make a Polona.

When scarcely dressed in new attire,
 The voice of God they heard,
 They ran and hid, and God inquired,
 "Have you transgressed my word ?"

They told the truth, they owned it all ;
 God's anger now was stirred ;
 Poor snakes must on their bellies crawl,
 For that which there occurred.

He did not kill them right away,
 Though dreadful was his frown,
 But they grew *mighty old and gray*,
 Before he cut them down.

Although the Devil told no lies,
 God made a dreadful fuss ;
 Said he "the fruit has made them wise,
 They have become like us."

He tore the fig leaves off the bride,
 And skinned a billy-goat,
 Which with a dog and badger hide,
 Made Eve a petticoat !

For Adam, who with quivering chin,
 Stood looking ghastly pale,
 He made a coat of bullock's skin,
 Adorned with horns and tail.

Thus God endorsed the Devil's word,
 Which he unto them spake,
 Their death for many years deferred,
 As told them by the snake.

Then let mankind, both great and small,
 The Devil give his due,
 For by him wisdom came to all,
 If Bible yarns are true.

According to the Bible tale,
 He spoiled God's pigmy plan,
 And started on progression's scale,
 The woman and the man.

Had it not been for Satan's sense,
 They might obeyed God's will,
 And in the crooks of Eden's fence,
 They might be groping still.

*The Believer's Test.**

To prevent vain Believers from coming to grief,
 And that all may have genuine faith and belief,
 We find in the gospel a test is at hand,
 Which enables believers to know how they stand

The commandment was given to go forth and preach,
 Throughout the wide world, the "glad tidings" to teach,
 That they who believed, should be saved, and feel calmed,
 But he who refused to believe should be damned.

In order that converts might not be deceived,
 Certain signs now to follow, whoever believed,
 By the word of command, they should devils expel,
 Lay hands on the sick, who would soon be made well.

They should speak with new tongues, and need not feel alarmed
 If they drank deadly things, they would still be unharmed,
 But with joy could proclaim the glad tidings again,
 That their faith was renewed, their "belief" was not vain.

So now we have Preachers throughout the wide world,
 Baptizing and preaching, with banners unfurled,
 Who claim they are "running," by power Divine,
 But their faith never yet was confirmed by a sign.

Belief and baptism are what people need,
 Whenever the "signs" which should follow succeed,
 But how can folks think they are saved from the "fall,"
 When the signs of "belief" do not follow at all.

When "signs" do not follow, "belief" must be vain,
 Concerning the matter the language is plain,
 If when "weighed in the balance," they fail on the "test,"
 By what right can they claim to belong to the blest.

But still they continue themselves to deceive;
 And are constantly telling us we must believe,
 And suppose they are living right up to the " Law,"
 When their faith without " signs " don't amount to a straw.

But to make the thing sure, I would humbly suggest,
 That each try their faith by the " Biblical Test,"
 And if it don't kill them, as dead as a " smelt,"
 Then their claim will be just to the " champion belt. "

As long as commandments to preach are in force,
 The signs of Believers should follow of course,
 For he who can read, cannot help understand,
 That the promise is positive as the command.

As no one has yet since the day of their birth.
 Ever come across one " test believer" on earth,
 Then Hell to its utmost extent will be crammed,
 And all of the race be eternally damned.

**Mark XVI Chap. 15, 16, 17 and 18 verses.*

The Reason Why God Don't Kill the Devil.

The question has been asked by those
 Who think their " heads are level,"
 " Why in the name of human woes,
 Does not God kill the Devil."

I think it is an easy task,
 To give the information,
 And for the good of those who ask,
 I'll try an explanation.

When there was "war in Heaven" above,
 He would have killed him gladly.
 But now his hate has changed to love,
 He would not act so madly.

Besides the world with those is filled,
 Who get their bread by preaching,
 And if the Devil should be killed,
 Who'd pay them for "their teaching?"

With his kind aid the preachers run,
 The thing to suit their notion,
 If he were dead naught could be done,
 To keep the ball in motion.

But while he lives, a horde of priests,
 In luxuries may revel,
 And fat on goose and chicken feasts,
 While talking of the Devil.

By many struggles they have gained,
 A mighty reputation,
 But if the Devil should be slain,
 Way goes their occupation,

The Bible God could not enjoy
 Himself, and keep things running,
 His friends would be without employ,
 Without the Devil's cunning.

The goose which lays the golden egg,
 On which God's cohorts fatten,
 He will not kill, no use to beg,
 His head he will not flatten.

The shepherds would be unemployed,
 And down would go their staples,
 Their power to rule, would be destroyed,
 They would be common people.

No doubt the Devil will survive,
 While man is in condition,
 To help old errors keep alive,
 By hugging Superstition.

Deity.

For reasons not well understood, I fill a little place,
 Upon this little earthly ball, launched in the fields of space,
 A bubble on the sea of time, or sand grain on the shore,
 Too small to know a thing about the God whom we adore.

Men talk of God with flippant tongue, and tell us of his will,
 Concerning us whom he has made, and fashioned by his skill,
 And claim to so familiar be, with every way and plan,
 That they can tell what he will do with frail and finite man.

Some say he sits upon a throne, high in his heavenly place,
 While smiles and frowns alternately chase o'er his sovereign face;
 That he designs to save the good, and take them home to stay,
 But that his anger burns against the wicked every day.

But there are those who don't pretend to know so much of God,
 As no one yet has seen his face, they question as they plod,
 While scarcely knowing what to think when looking here and
 there,
 And witnessing the joys and woes which meet us everywhere.

But surely man is not to blame because he cannot clasp,
 Those things which are concealed, and far beyond his finite grasp;
 Nor is he any worse, although mankind may call him odd,
 Because he don't pretend to know so much concerning God.

The power which moves the Universe, will not of us demand,
 That we assume to know of things we cannot understand;
 Then why the great necessity that we think so and so,
 Concerning things which are too deep, for finite man to know.

The God that blooms in every rose, and blossoms in the tree,
 The God which nature manifests, is all the God we see;
 The highways of Immensity, with teeming worlds are strung,
 He glistens bright in every star, "all nature is his tongue."

He manifests in golden flowers, and forests clothed in green,
 And in the "everlasting hills" his footprints may be seen,
 And also in the balmy breeze, which gives the weary breath,
 And in the cyclone's dreadful march, whose track is strewn with
 death.

We see him in the serpent's eyes, which coils beneath the grass,
 To spring upon whatever thing, may chance that way to pass,
 The unsuspecting lovely child, receives its poisonous fangs,
 While offering prayer beneath the tree where the vile reptile
 hangs.

We see him on the Sabbath day, which people say he blest,
 Tormenting the poor weary beast, which has an hour to rest,
 With greedy hordes of hungry flies, which puncture every vein,
 To satisfy their appetite, regardless of the pain.

We see him in the waving grass, and fields of golden grain,
 He murmurs in the gentle rill, and patters in the rain;
 And in malarial poisons, too, his presence may be seen,
 As well as in the orb of day, which clothes the earth with green.

Sometimes for months no rains descend, the heavens appear
 like brass,

The growing crops are scorched with heat, and withered is the
 grass,

Then famine like a cruel fiend, stalks forth with awful frown,
 And millions perish ere he lays his deadly weapons down.

Would a good God, INTELLIGENT, let mortals starve and die,
 For want of food, when he could give an adequate supply;
 Withhold the rains and dews of heaven, and all that would refresh,
 Until the air is poisoned by the stench of human flesh.

If matter was from nothing made, as sacred records state,
External power would be required to suns and worlds create,
 But if from naught it was not made, the orbs which roll in space,
 Can *form* by their inherent power and ever keep their place.

But search and study as we will, no one can find or trace,
 The power which moves revolving worlds, and permeates all space,
 The sayings of the wisest men, we may receive with doubt,
 When told of things which no one knows the smallest thing about.

Unknowable! beyond the ken or grasp of human mind,
 Is Deity, whom man has ever failed to find ;
 And if we search ten thousand years, we then will know no more,
 Of that which lies beyond our grasp, than what we knew before.

Woman's Rights.

We all have read about the birth of Eve and Father Adam.
 How God made Adam out of dust, then of a rib made Madam;
 I wonder why he did not take *more* dust and make another,
 Instead of slashing Adam up to make a wife and mother?
 The only reason I can see, was that she might be branded,
Inferior; made of a rib, not new, but second handed.
 Not made, because she of herself, was worthy of a station,
 But Adam needing company, accounts for her creation.
 And now since man supposes God assigned her this position,
 He thinks it right of course that she be kept in this condition.
 Some claim that she was all to blame, because she plucked a
 pippin,
 And ate of the forbidden fruit, one day when she was tripping,
 And then led Adam out to see the fruit so nice and mellow,
 He ate so much it made him sick, poor addle-brained old
 fellow,
 And when God saw what they had done, (as both of them seemed
 wiser.)

He laid the blame all on his wife, the poor old Gormandizer.
 If he had treated me like that, had it been in my power,
 From him I would have been divorced, in less than half an hour.
 Because she got the start of him, and moved a little faster,
 For fear she still might keep ahead, God made the man her
 master.

And now old fogies think it best to keep her in subjection,
 And carry out those high commands, according to direction.
 Then Paul, the shriveled up old "Bach," right from Gamaliel's
 college,

Informs the ladies they must ask their men to give them
 knowledge.

If they on any theme or point, should need some explanation,
 Just ask their husbands, when at home, to give the information.
 Thus he would have the wives of all, be kept in subjugation,
 And not let any marry, who could keep from fornication.

A wedded life he disapproved, except for the prevention
 Of that which decency forbids my stopping how to mention.
 Therefore it seems to me quite plain, the book called Revelation,
 Would place and hold her still beneath her present situation;
 But right will take the place of wrong, as fast as man progresses,
 Until all laws shall be repealed, which now her sex oppresses.
 The question we should ask is this : to aid us in our seeing,
 Is she a member of our race ? is she a human being ?

If so, then why not help make laws by which she is affected,
 As she's controlled by those same laws by which she is protected.
 Then let us soon restore those rights, of which she's long been
 cheated,

And see that such outrageous frauds shall never be repeated;
 When freedom is enjoyed by all, the world will soon grow
 better,

We need the intellect of all, without restraint or fetter.
 The governments of earth will thrive, and all be more contented,
 When justice rules instead of might, and all are represented.
 The mind requires substantial food, to help it grow in power,
 But if such diet be withheld, poor trash it will devour,
 Then let her take the oars and help, her own canoe to paddle,
 Instead of reading love-sick tales and talking silly twaddle.

Yes, let her help to make those laws, which ever must control
her,

Instead of calling her pet names in order to console her.

Methinks this course, were it pursued, would elevate the nations;

And give us peace, and joy, instead of wars and tribulations,

Life, liberty, and happiness, those sacred rights most tender,

Alike belong to one all, and without respect to gender.

Alike she needs the same as man, food, raiment, education,

Then why not help supply those wants by proper legislation.

As ancient customs lose their force, old thrones and powers are
quaking,

The king of day will soon be here, the morning light is breaking.

And Woman, we ere long shall see, possess her proper station,

She has a right to sit among the councils of the nation.

Orthodox Selfishness.

If folks believed just what they tell

When filled with superstition,

About that *awful* place called *Hell*,

How *dreadful* their condition.

If people *knew* those things were so,

And such the situation;

This world would be one scene of woe,

One sea of desolation.

Insanity, despair, and rage,

And doleful wails of sadness,

Would overwhelm both youth and age,

And drive the world to madness.

Yes, *Reason* would be soon dethroned,

Were such the *known* condition,

And *nothing* but a "*heart of stone*,"

Could stay in its position.

We often hear our teachers say,
 That we will get our earnings,
 That many will be forced away,
 To everlasting burnings.

When we behold our children *here*,
 In trouble or affliction,
 We shed the sympathetic tear,
 In spite of all restriction.

Then how can we restrain our grief,
 And all affections sever,
 And sing in Heaven, in full belief,
 That they are damned forever.

But then we hope some little plan,
 Will work *our* sure salvation;
 We *cannot* think that God will damn
Us, or our *dear relation*.

But those bad boys of neighbor Seth,
 And girls of Captain Shoddy's,
 Will go to hell, before their breath
 Has fairly left their bodies.

Some claim that they believe such stuff,
 And ponder o'er it nightly,
 Such people will keep *sane* enough,
 While they believe it lightly.

But when you get it down *too deep*,
 Into your soul's recesses;
 Then nightmares will destroy your sleep,
 And quicken your distresses.

Truth Triumphant.

Does Man possess Immortal Life ?
Or does all cease with earthly strife ?
Does he survive the scenes of death ?
Or does he perish with his breath ?

To solve those questions men have tried,
Some have affirmed, and some denied,
In ages which have passed away,
And so we find the world to-day.

Millions of wealth mankind has paid ;
And Priests enrobed have been arrayed,
To prove to people, when they die,
They live again beyond the sky.

And furthermore, those teachers tell,
Of an eternal burning hell,
Where youth, and hoary age are hurled,
If unprepared they leave the world.

Although a man may clothe the poor,
And feed the hungry at his door,
In Hell he will be doomed to fry,
If unbelieving he should die.

His neighbor who is old and gray,
Who lied, and swindled life away,
The day he dies he gets forgiven,
And trades his lies and all for heaven.

Man long has listened to the wise,
And seen his future through *their* eyes,
Instead of looking round to see,
What might with common sense agree.

Until a system has been wrought,
Which aims to bring the mind to naught,
Our intellect it would enslave,
Then claim to be the power to save.

The evidence we have to-day,
Of life beyond, comes without pay,
And shows us we shall live again,
Upon a purer, higher plane.

But those to whom the people look,
For wisdom from the Sacred Book,
Retreat within, and bar the door,
Against those from the "shining shore."

Although they've tried to make it plain,
That after death we live again,
When proof appears of what they say.
Alarmed, they cry, Away! Away!

Our taste revolts at musty bread,
When upon *fresh* we have been fed,
This is the reason too, forsooth,
That makes them fight against the truth.

When people get good food for naught,
Old tasteless *trash* will not be bought,
And prospects of its future sale,
Makes poor old Orthodoxy pale,

So now we see why most divines,
Like those who made "Diana's shrines,"
Bellow with rage, and feel annoyed,
For fear their "craft" will be destroyed.

Give us what may be known to-day,
Instead of what the ancients say,
Better that we ourselves behold,
Than listen to the tales of old.

But truth, in her progressive march,
Keystone of the celestial arch,
Will grind to dust and cast away,
Whatever would her progress stay.

Conceived above ; this mighty plan,
Cannot be foiled by mortal man,
And will not stop or turn aside,
Until this earth is purified.

Through labors of Celestial Bands,
This world and theirs will soon clasp hands,
They'll come whene'er they feel inclined,
And talk with those they've left behind.



PART II.



SPIRITUALISTIC SONGS.

Spirit's Return, TUNE--"Narraganset Bay."

Come bright and happy spirits, and mingle with our band,
 And tell us of the beauties of the bright "Summer Land;"
 Yes, tell us of the glories of the immortal shore,
 Where sickness, sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no
 more,

Encourage us to travel beneath our daily load,
 And lighten up our pathway, while on the weary road.
 Come with your shining garments, far brighter than the sun,
 And tell us of our happy home, when all our work is done.

Chorus---Fresh from the green fields of Eden they come,
 Visiting us in the old house at home,
 Flowers of fragrance are held in every hand,
 Plucked in the groves of Paradise, in the immortal land.

Parents and children meet us, from o'er the swelling tide,
 Come close to us to greet us, and linger by our side;
 Sisters and brothers join us, from their bright homes above,
 And tell us of a "land of rest," where all is peace and love.
 O how we long to meet you, upon that "glittering strand,"
 Where nothing can divide us, while suns and planets stand,
 And peace and joy unbounded, shall fill us with delight,
 As we pursue our onward course in our eternal flight.

Chorus.

Dear friends across the river, with you we used to sing,
 With our united voices we made the valleys ring;
 And when our toils are ended we'll sing with you again,
 In glory, the immortal songs, sung on the flowery plains.
 Illuminate our vision, new glories to behold,
 In those sweet fields elysian, of which you've often told,
 Where flowers are never fading, and trees forever bloom,
 No parting scenes to rend the heart, no weeping o'er the tomb.

Chorus.

Doors Ajar. TUNE---"*Eden of Love.*"

The bright doors of glory are open before us,
 And angels descend from the beautiful shore,
 To bring the glad tidings and sing the sweet chorus,
 Of songs where all trouble and sorrows are o'er.

Dear friends of our home, who have crossed o'er the river,
 Return, and converse with us here in the form,
 And tell of a place where pure joys reign forever,
 Where the sun cannot scorch, and no beating of storms.

O, welcome, thrice welcome, our dear ones departed,
 Whose forms 'neath the clods of the valley may lie;
 But your spirits now roam, with the just and pure hearted,
 Where peace flows forever, and joys never die.

Be with us, dear friends, till we join in your number,
 In gardens and groves, of the flowery vale,
 Where beauties, immortal, our hearts disencumber,
 And the bright stars of glory, will never grow pale.

How cheering the thought that again we shall meet you,
 Where death no more leaves us to sorrow alone,
 Where clouds change for sunshine, O there may we greet you,
 And embrace you again, where no parting is known.

Over the River. TUNE---"*Sunny South.*"

Loving angels of light, pure and spotless and white,
 Come and mingle with us while we sing,
 O come from above, on your mission of love,
 And the joys of eternity bring.

Help us all to be kind, to the bigot so blind,
 To the poor, and the outcast redeem,
 There's a glittering gem, in the vilest of them,
 However depraved they may seem.

Come and banish all sighs, leave your homes in the skies,
 And revisit our "circle" once more,
 Let us view you so bright, with our unclouded sight,
 By the light from Eternity's shore.

Dear parents and friends, who our footsteps attend,
 Bring our darlings unto us a while;
 May their spirits so bright, clad in garments of light,
 Illumine our tears with their smiles.

Come our loved ones, come now, let us kiss your dear brow,
 Just bathed in the fountains above,
 Leave your flower-bedecked plain, come and see us again,
 Sweet angels of tenderest love.

How it lights up the gloom, of the dark silent tomb,
 When we hear of the bright summer land,
 Of the mansions and flowers, of the heavenly bowers,
 And an unbroken family band.

Gone Beyond. TUNE--- "*Lilly Dale.*"

O where are they gone, from life's early dawn,
 And they who left at night;
 Do they sleep in the tomb, where the wild roses bloom,
 Are they gone beyond our sight.

Chorus--O, angels, dear loved ones, ^{our} tears we'll dry,
 Though your graves are o'ergrown,
 And your names on the stone,
 Yet we know that you linger nigh.

We saw the last breath, in the "chamber of death,"
 Loved eyes forever closed,
 And their form laid away, in their cold house of clay,
 In that silent long repose. [*Chorus.*]

They are by their new birth, freed from cares of earth,
 And gone to dwell above,
 Where rivers of peace sing their happy release,
 In murmuring songs of love. [Chorus.]

How dearly they love, from their homes above,
 To bring us words of joy,
 And tell us the tale, of that beautiful vale,
 Where no troubles can annoy. [Chorus.]

May we meet them there, in those regions fair,
 Dear loved ones gone before,
 And know that our cares, and temptations and snares,
 Were all left on earth's dark shore. [Chorus.]

"Circle" Song, TUNE---"John Brown's Body."

Spirits are with us from the summer land,
 Spirits are with us from the summer land,
 Spirits are with us from the summer land,
 Yes, from that shining shore.

Chorus---Glory, glory, happy angels,
 Glory, glory, happy angels,
 Glory, glory, happy angels,
 Are with us here to-night.

Loved ones from glory are hovering near,
 Loved ones from glory are hovering near.
 Loved ones from glory are hovering near,
 To make our hearts rejoice. [Chorus.]

Blessed Immortals, come talk with us now,
 Blessed Immortals, come talk with us now,
 Blessed Immortals, come talk with us now,
 About our happy home. [Chorus.]

Sweet are the songs, unmingled with sighs,
 Sweet are the songs, unmingled with sighs,
 Sweet are the songs, unmingled with sighs,

Sung by Immortal tongues. [Chorus]

Always be with us, wherever we go.

Always be with us, wherever we go,

Always be with us, wherever we go,

Until we meet above. [Chorus.]

Celestial Abodes. TUNE---"*Home of the Soul.*"

O come, listen to me, while I tell you a tale,
 Of homes where the weary ones rest,
 Where our friends are now gone, though obscured by the veil,
 To the evergreen shores "of the blest."

Like an arrow which speeds from the archer's strong bow,
 We pass through the shadows of time;
 Swept along by that stream whose perpetual flow,
 Rushes all to eternity's clime.

Happy souls, now secure from affliction and pain,
 Whose homes are surprisingly bright,
 Where the loved ones of earth are united again,
 In this world of celestial delight.

There are rivers whose pure crystal waters of peace,
 With margins bedecked with bright flowers,
 Whose sweet murmuring melodies never shall cease,
 All bestudded with beautiful bowers.

What unspeakable joy will be ours when we meet,
 To dwell in those mansions above;
 Where our home with its glories our visions shall greet,
 And united with those whom we love.

Live Right.

We come to you, dear friends of earth,
To bring you tidings from above;
Of joys supreme of priceless worth,
In realms of happiness and love.

Our homes are not "far, far away,"
But just beyond death's chilling stream,
Where shines eternal cloudless day,
Exceeding mortal's fondest dreams.

We told you of the "Summer Land,"
Of mansions, flowers, and fountains pure,
Of shady groves and rivers grand,
"Where mortals weep no more,"---secure.

We view your toil, your grief, your care,
Your longings for celestial bliss;
And fain would we your sorrows share,
Imparting deep affections kiss.

You form your characters on earth,
They are composed of thoughts and deeds
Which constitute your *real* worth,
Instead of faith in forms or creeds.

Then let your thoughts from earth ascend,
Your life below is but a breath,
Live right, your deeds will you attend,
Beyond the stream by you called death,

For as you live so shall you die,
Then let your lives on earth be pure,
Upon yourself alone rely,
No Savior will your guilt endure.

Mahaska. TUNE---" *Last Rose of Summer.*"

Gentle maid was Mahaska, the fair Indian queen,
 Who once roamed through the forests, and prairies so green,
 Who plucked the wild flowers and the daisies so fair,
 And wove them into garlands and wreaths for her hair.

Oft she sailed on the rivers, through forests and vales,
 One of Nature's true children, she feared not the gales,
 But in her canoe of birch bark she would glide,
 With the quiver and bow lying close by her side.

With her beads and "bright shiners," she labored all day,
 To make the queenly maiden looking blooming and gay,
 By moonlight would sit on the log or the rock,
 For to "make the big talk" with her "Manatowoc."

She is now a bright spirit in the fair fields above,
 Comes to see us "pale faces," with tokens of love,
 And after our races on earth we have run,
 We will meet her, and thank her, for all she has done.

 Whenever the word *God* is used in this work in a manner not reverential, no reference whatever is made to that all-pervading power which controls the Universe, whatever that power may be, but only to that imaginary Being, who smelled a "sweet savor" from the burning carcasses of animals, and who was possessed of all the attributes and passions of humanity, whom the Jews worshipped as God.

Common Sense Rhymes

. OR .

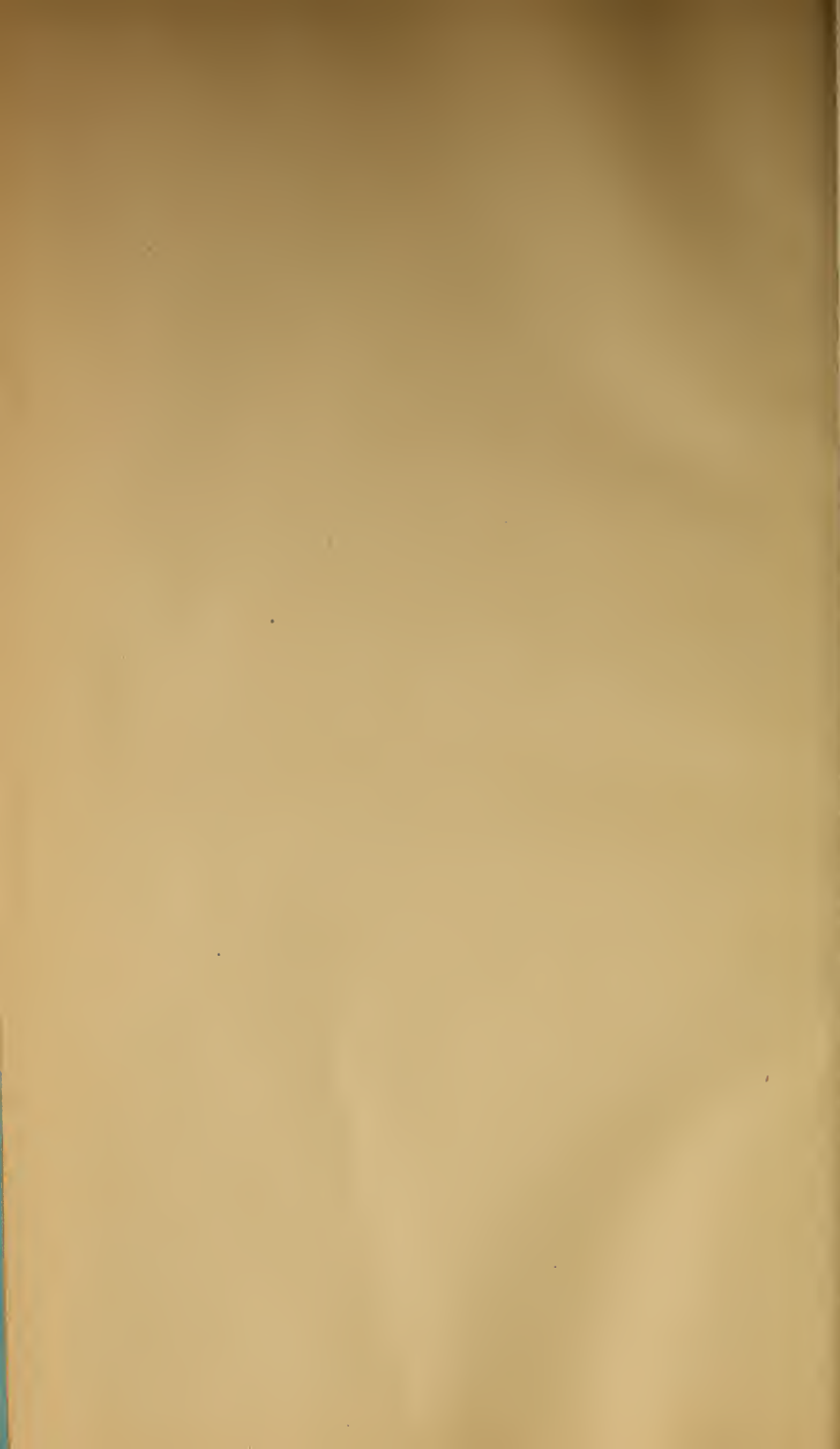
OLD THEOLOGY INVERTED,

AND

Amplified

BY ABNER SISSON.

(1850-1851)



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2004

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 503 798 9

